

THE
LIFE AND DEATH



of

JUMBO.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE GREATEST,
GENTLEST AND MOST FAMOUS AND HEROIC BEAST
THAT EVER LIVED.
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO HIS MILLIONS
OF LITTLE FRIENDS.

THE BARNUM AND FOREPAUGH SHOWS COMBINED

But for the Philadelphia Season Only. Most Positive
they Never will be Seen again Together.

THE DEAD GIANT OF WONDERLAND.

IN a publication of this kind and purpose, even the simple facts connected with the life and death of JUMBO can be but briefly told, and there is no exaggeration in the statement that the romantic, strange, pathetic and heroic incidents in his unparalleled career have furnished the artists, scientists and journalists of both Europe and America with a more prolific and interesting theme than any other subject has ever evoked. If any are inclined to estimate Jumbo chiefly as a mere amusement feature, or an extraordinary illustration of P. T. Barnum's successful methods, they do the memory of the lamented "Lord of all the Beasts" an injustice, against which Mr. Barnum would himself be the first to enter a vigorous protest. Without regard to attendant circumstances, Jumbo was, in and of himself, absolutely and infinitely the grandest, most wonderful and valuable, and in several marked physical respects the most inexplicable animal of which we have any record; and such a gentle giant withal; animated by principles of magnanimity, affection and self-sacrifice that would have graced a hero's, or a tender woman's heart. Dying in almost the childhood of his splendid life, in the heroic effort to save his beloved keeper and dear little comrade, he had yet lived long enough to become the most noted international character of the age, and—humiliating as the confession may be to human vanity—towered as far above all other living things in fame as in stature; leaving a name more widely known throughout the earth than that of any man that ever lived. Veritably a

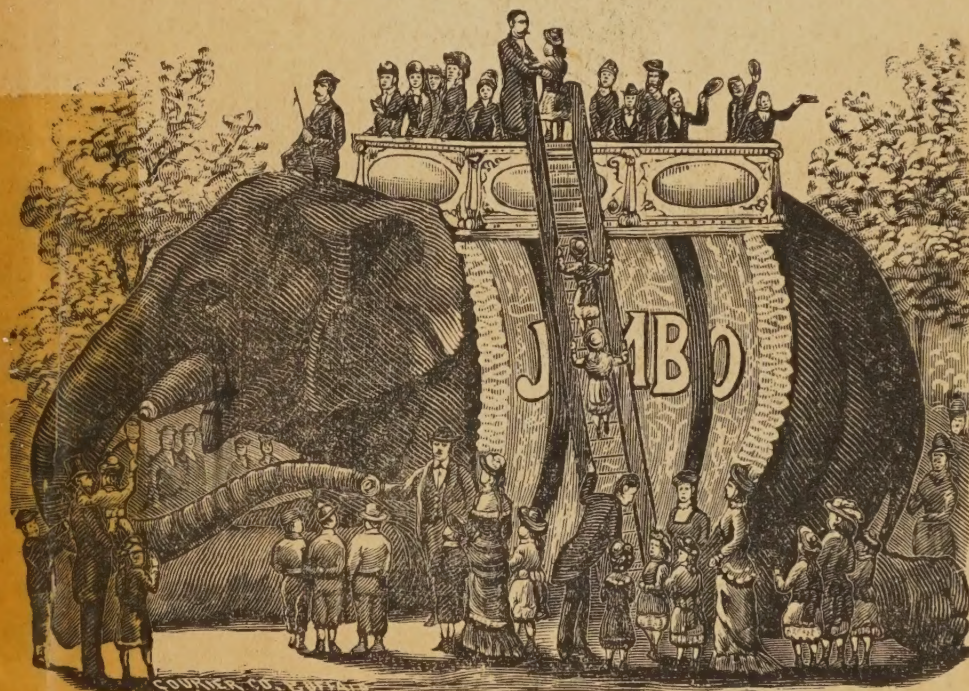
tremendous elephantine hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own resistless strength and vastness, capable of inflicting death and devastation, the mere thought of which is terrible to contemplate, the weak hand of one old attendant, Matthew Scott, laid him, as it were, from continent to continent, harmless and submissive among millions of people, and myriads of children, who clambered fearlessly upon his huge back, and audaciously made of him a playfellow and pet, until tragic fate interposed to end his long triumphal march. Scientific chronicle and history will immortalize Jumbo as the only beast worthy of biographic honors, before whose unique and mighty memory the classic name of Bucephalus will fade and disappear. His sad and sudden taking off evoked a feeling of universal and profound regret, and, "Poor Jumbo is dead!" fell from thousands of lips, in tones of feeling and sympathy, eloquently indicating how deservedly warm a place he had won in the admiration and regard of the American people. To those more intimately associated with him, his untimely death took on the graver form of a real personal bereavement, and one and all can testify that the spirit of charity need not be called to defend him in his grave, for during his whole life he was never guilty of a single act of treachery, violence, or ingratitude; but in all things, and under all circumstances, conducted himself as became the monarch of his kind.

It is estimating with all due reason to say that Jumbo's death involved a cash loss of at least one million dollars, and is, in many

respects, irreparable; but we prefer to turn from what might appear selfish considerations to the gratifying fact that science has rescued from his ashes a semblance of his incomparable and enormous self, so life-like, majestic and admirably perfect, as to actually mislead the eye, except upon closest inspection; and in astonishing association therewith, the vast frame-work of stupendous bones upon which the contour of his majestic form was built; as is more fully described in subsequent pages. So that Jumbo—in apparent continuation of the strange destiny and unparalleled events which signalized himself—has left the world, as a legacy, the two rarest

of the astounding growth and extraordinary career to follow. He was an African elephant, strangely differing in several marked peculiarities of form from all the rest of his species. Sir Samuel Baker, a Fellow of the Zoological Society of Great Britain, says that he knew Jumbo when he was a baby, about four and a half feet high, and had just been captured by Arabs on the shore of the Settite River, in Abyssinia, in 1861. It, therefore, appears that he was but twenty-four years old at the time of his tragic death; or, comparatively speaking, a mere child in age, as the authentically established great longevity of his race justifies the belief that

had he been spared he would, in the ordinary course of nature, have attained at least a century's age, and, possibly, much more. As he was steadily growing, it is also reasonable to assume that eventually he would have dwarfed and belittled his present gigantic proportions, and, in fact, had he lived, a much larger car would have



and most interesting features in it; such as Jumbo only could bequeath, and full-worthy to signalize the farewell season of the great united exhibitions with which his name is inseparably identified.

THE LIFE OF JUMBO.

A Brief History of the Principal Incidents in the Glorious and Eventful Career of the Largest and most Extraordinary Animal ever known to man. His Romantic Experiences and Triumphs as an African, French, British and American Subject. A Life stranger than Fiction—a Death more than Sublime.

There were no events in Jumbo's early life to make it more noteworthy than that of any ordinary wild beast, or to give any premonition

been required for his transportation the present season.

Jumbo's introduction to civilization was of a kind that might have proved dangerous to the morals of a mammal of less solidity of character, as he was first placed in the famous Jardin des Plantes, in the gay city of Paris, where he remained for about three years, when he was transferred to the Royal Zoological Gardens—or "Zoo," as they are familiarly termed—in London, England. Here he was immediately placed in charge of Matthew Scott, and then and there began that well-known and oddly pathetic reciprocity of the most tender affection between man and mammoth, which naught but death could terminate or lessen. In the succeeding

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JUMBO.

Twenty-one years that Scott exercised sole control over Jumbo, he never resorted to other means of mastery than kindness, for which his colossal friend showed loving appreciation, by never attempting him the slightest injury, and obeying his voice, even under provocation and restraint that infuriated him against all others, and caused him to snap ponderous chains and cables as though they were pack-threads. When all other means of inducing Jumbo to enter his big box had failed, Scott was asked to try the whip, but indignantly replied:

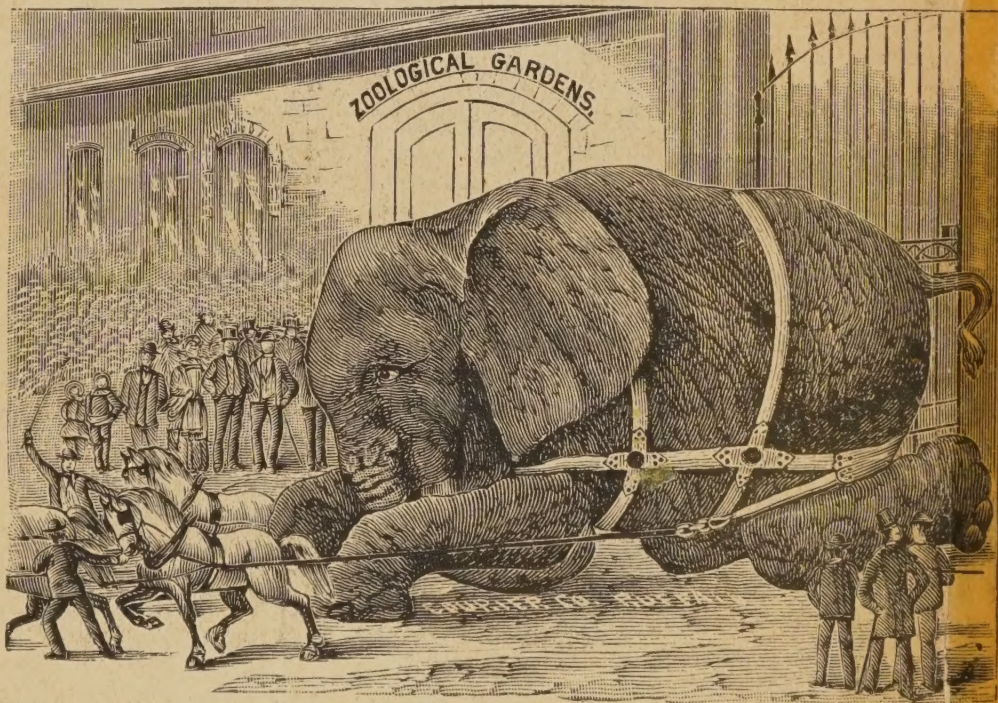
"No! Hi never struck him, and Hi never will."

A photograph of Jumbo and his keeper, which was taken about the time he entered the "Zoo," shows that Scott, though an undersized man, was a foot taller than Jumbo when the latter was four years of age. When they bade farewell to old England, Scott's head barely reached Jumbo's fore-shoulder.

Jumbo's experience as a British subject was of a kind calculated to strongly prejudice him in favor of a limited monarchy. In fact the "Zoo" became to him a kingdom, and although for seventeen years he never passed its boundaries, he reigned happily and most luxuriously therein, the petted and pampered favorite, from Queen to navvy. Royalty, instead of receiving him, became an admiring attendant at his court, and princes and potentates and their families rode free upon his patient back, as they have done from time immemorial upon the backs of millions of mankind. The children of the nation adopted the mammoth African baby as their friend and playmate, and with "dear Jumbo" "all went merry as a marriage bell"

until the winter of '81-2, when MR. BARNUM STEPPED UPON THE SCENE and precipitated the memorable revolution which, while it dragged the towering monarch of his mighty race from a reign of comparative obscurity and Oriental supineness, resulted in immeasurably extending his kingdom and fame.

Mr. Barnum had for some time had an eye on Jumbo, and, as results proved, a far better appreciation of his worth than the Directors of the Zoo; in whom long familiarity with Jumbo had inevitably bred, if not contempt, an underestimation of his magnitude, and an indifference which, as the moderate receipts



of the Zoo proved, was largely shared by the public—another notable illustration of the fact that we do not appreciate the value of a thing until we have lost it. Fully aware of the danger of displaying over-anxiety in the matter, Mr. Barnum sent a shrewd and trusty agent to London, to "spy out the land" and govern himself accordingly. He soon discovered

A Weak Point in the Walls of Jumbo's Troy, of which he took due advantage. The Directors of the Zoo, like "all the world and the rest of mankind," had a hobby, in which the state of their finances did not admit of their indulging. That hobby was a reptile house, which would cost \$10,000 to build. Mr.

Barnum's representative artlessly suggested that if they only could dispose of Jumbo, who was evidently no special attraction, *and might, in the course of time, become a very dangerous encumbrance*, they would be able to accomplish their cherished wish, and add largely to the attractiveness of the Zoo. Ten thousand dollars, to be sure, was a preposterous price to pay for an elephant, and more especially by one who already owned the largest educated herd of them on earth; but it was just *barely* possible that Mr. Barnum might be induced to pay it. It might be doubtful; but out of regard for the Directors, he would see what could be done. A

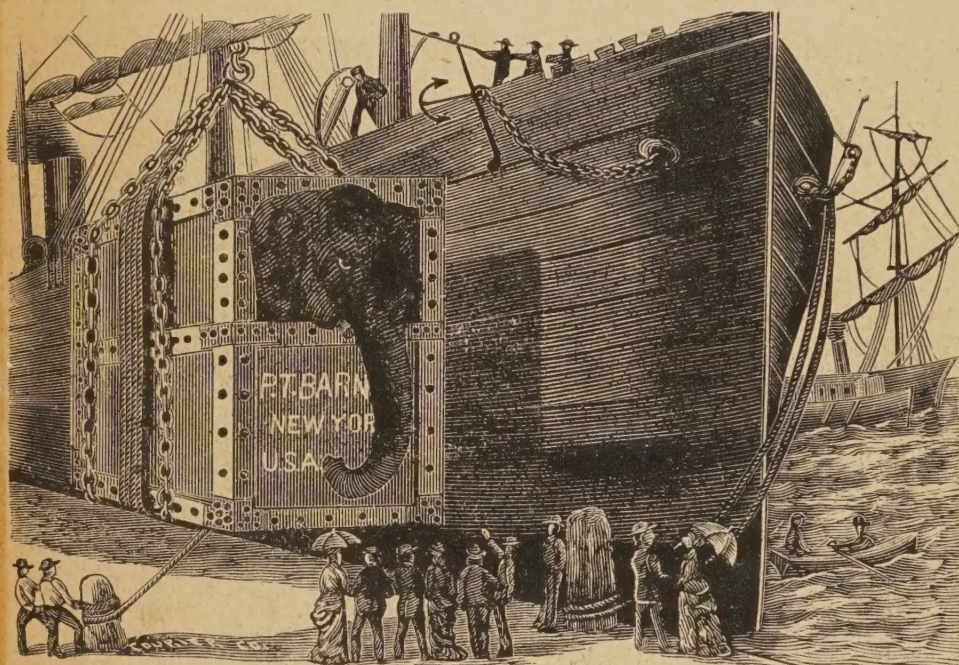
and 13 feet high, inside measurement, and constructed of seven-inch timbers of yellow pine, with double lining of three-inch oak planks. Heavy bands of three-quarter inch angle iron, with five-inch flanges, passed around and bound it in all directions, and it weighed six tons.

February 18th, 1882, was selected as the day for

INTRODUCING JUMBO TO HIS NEW QUARTERS,

previous to hauling him to Milwall docks and embarking him in the steamship *Persian Monarch*. But in this case, Newman proposed and Leviathan disposed, for long

seclusion had bred in him all an old-fashioned English Tory's hatred of novelty, and he had, moreover, become so thoroughly rooted in his habits at the Zoo, that any attempts to make him cross a new bridge, or step upon a fresh piece of flooring, or to surround him with unfamiliar objects, excited him to spasms of fear.



judicious interval of masterly inactivity and apparent indifference inflamed the eagerness of the Directors to sell; a majority of the Board voted to do so, and before the public had an inkling of it, a far-reaching hand, that never relaxed its grasp upon a genuine feature, was laid upon the mastodonic British pet.

To Mr. William Newman, a courageous and successful elephant trainer, connected with The Great Barnum and London Shows, was intrusted the difficult and responsible task of transferring Jumbo to America. He crossed the Atlantic, and, as a preliminary step, had an immense and enormously strong box, or cage, made, in which to confine Jumbo during his voyage. It was 6 feet 8 inches wide

It being thought necessary to first impress on Jumbo the notion of restraint and subjection, a strong chain was strapped around one of his forelegs, and made firm to the walls of the stall. Jumbo, "who never in this way had treated been before," viewed the innovation with evident concern, but without resentment. A second chain passed around his other foreleg excited his ire considerably, and when a third chain was passed around his head, and backward between the forelegs,

HE BROKE INTO OPEN REVOLT.

Loudly trumpeting his rage, the mighty captive lashed about him with his tremendous trunk, striving to break his degrading bonds, and to dash at his tormentors, until he was

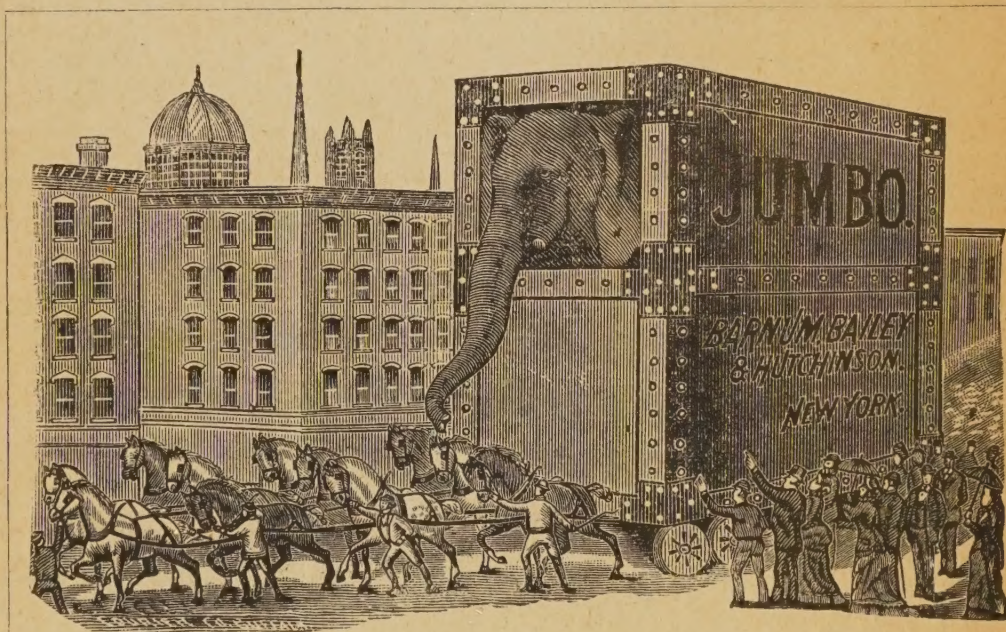
exhausted and became comparatively quiet. Then he was led to the door of the elephant house, near which had been placed the great box, on wheels, and up to the entrance behind slanted a set of stout gang-planks. Up these the sullen giant was led. He knew full well what was wanted of him, but persuasion and force alike failed to induce him to enter. Several times the vast creature swayed up the ascent, but recoiled at the entrance. At last his obstinacy triumphed for the time over human persistency, and Jumbo was led back to his stall.

The next day a second attempt of a different kind resulted in equal failure. Jumbo

by this time evident that even could he be persuaded to march a little distance, some new alarm would again arrest his progress, perhaps at a most inconvenient stage of the road, and he was permitted to return to his elephant house, where the joy of Alice knew no bounds, her delight being expressed by clumsy gambols around her compartment.

And now suddenly broke upon Mr. Barnum's head the unparalleled storm which his enterprise had evoked. The unsuccessful attempts to remove Jumbo, with the touching attendant incidents, widely heralded by the press, first awoke the entire British nation to a realization of the fact that their Koh-i-noor

was to be made to walk to the steamer, and there it was hoped, being tired after his march, he would enter the box for rest. All went swimmingly until Jumbo was just outside of the Zoo gates, when, finding himself on new soil and in an unfamiliar place, he stopped. Then, says the *London Telegraph*, came one of the most pathetic scenes in



which a dumb animal was ever the chief actor. The poor brute moaned sadly, and appealed in all but human words to Scott, embracing the man with his trunk, and actually kneeling before him. Jumbo's pitiful cries were soon heard in the elephant house, where poor Alice, his "loving wife," as she was called—and who has been recently purchased by the Great Barnum and London Shows, and will be exhibited with them the present season, during their farewell tour—was seized with alarm and grief, so that every note of sorrow from her kneeling lord in the road had its echo of anguish within the gardens. At sound of Alice's increasing lamentations, Jumbo became almost frantic, and flung himself down on his side. It was

elephant was in the talons of the American Eagle, and no words can describe the sensation and craze that followed. An avalanche of indignant protests poured in upon the newspapers, and the parting with so noble and so interesting a specimen of his class was regarded as almost a national misfortune. Jumbo and Barnum monopolized the press and conversation. The Queen telegraphed Mr. Bartlett, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, asking him to send, for her information, a statement of the facts connected with the removal of Jumbo, and the Prince of Wales sent for Mr. Bartlett, and had a long talk with him about it. A prominent clergyman wrote: "I trust the people of London will rise as one man to prevent the

cruel, inhuman bargain being carried out." Mr. Ruskin indignantly asked: "Are there not walls in England strong enough to hold Jumbo, that we must send him away?" Mr. Lowell, our Minister to the Court of St. James, at a public dinner declared that Jumbo was

The Only Burning Question Between England and America.

Men stormed and threatened, and women and children supplicated and wept. Mr. Lesarge, proprietor of that great London newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, on the 22d of February, cabled Mr. Barnum as follows:

"Editor's Compliments. All British children distressed at elephant's departure. Hundreds of correspondents beg us to inquire on what terms you will kindly return Jumbo. Answer, prepaid, unlimited."

To which Mr. Barnum replied:

"My compliments to Editor *Daily Telegraph* and British nation. Fifty millions of American citizens anxiously awaiting Jumbo's arrival. My forty years' invariable practice of exhibiting the best that money could procure, makes Jumbo's presence here imperative. Hundred thousand pounds would be no inducement to cancel purchase."

Every obstacle that pride, anger and grief could suggest was interposed to prevent Jumbo's departure. The authorities prohibited his being led through the streets. The superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never left the Zoo until Jumbo did, and would have imprisoned Mr. Barnum's agents if an opportunity had been given. As a last desperate resort, an interim injunction was sued out before Justice Chitty, restraining the Council of the Zoological Society from allowing Jumbo to be moved from the Zoo, but after a two days' argument by eminent counsel, the injunction was refused. The air was vocal with Jumbo ballads, and the illustrated papers and magazines filled with Jumbo pictures. Everybody, from the royalty to the lowest depths of London, wore Jumbo jewelry, and Jumbo's name became, as it were, a universal trade-mark. Each foreign mail brought Mr. Barnum hundreds of letters from people of all classes and ages, and

couched in every style, from round abuse to tearful entreaty. The attendance at the Zoo swelled from a few hundreds to 20,000 per day, and Jumbo was nearly buried beneath a heap of offerings, ranging from champagne to oysters, and from bric-a-brac to buns. Jumbo suddenly loomed up as a character of international importance, and the tidal wave of excitement regarding him swept across the Atlantic, and broke upon the press of New York City in columns of special cablegrams.

Through all this turmoil, Mr. Barnum and his representatives remained firm and tranquil, and on March 22, 1882, Jumbo, after but a moment's hesitation, marched obediently into his box, and was properly secured. At 1.25 the next morning the car was safely out of the gardens, and, drawn by six powerful horses, rattling off on the road to the docks, five miles distant, which were reached at about half-past five in the morning. March 24th, Jumbo and his cage were safely hoisted on board the steamship *Assyrian Monarch* by means of a huge steam crane. The cage rested in forward hatchway No. 2, on the main deck, the top of it reaching up to the spar deck. Some 80 tons of freight and 130 emigrants were thereby displaced, for which the *Monarch* Line received remuneration. On the 25th,

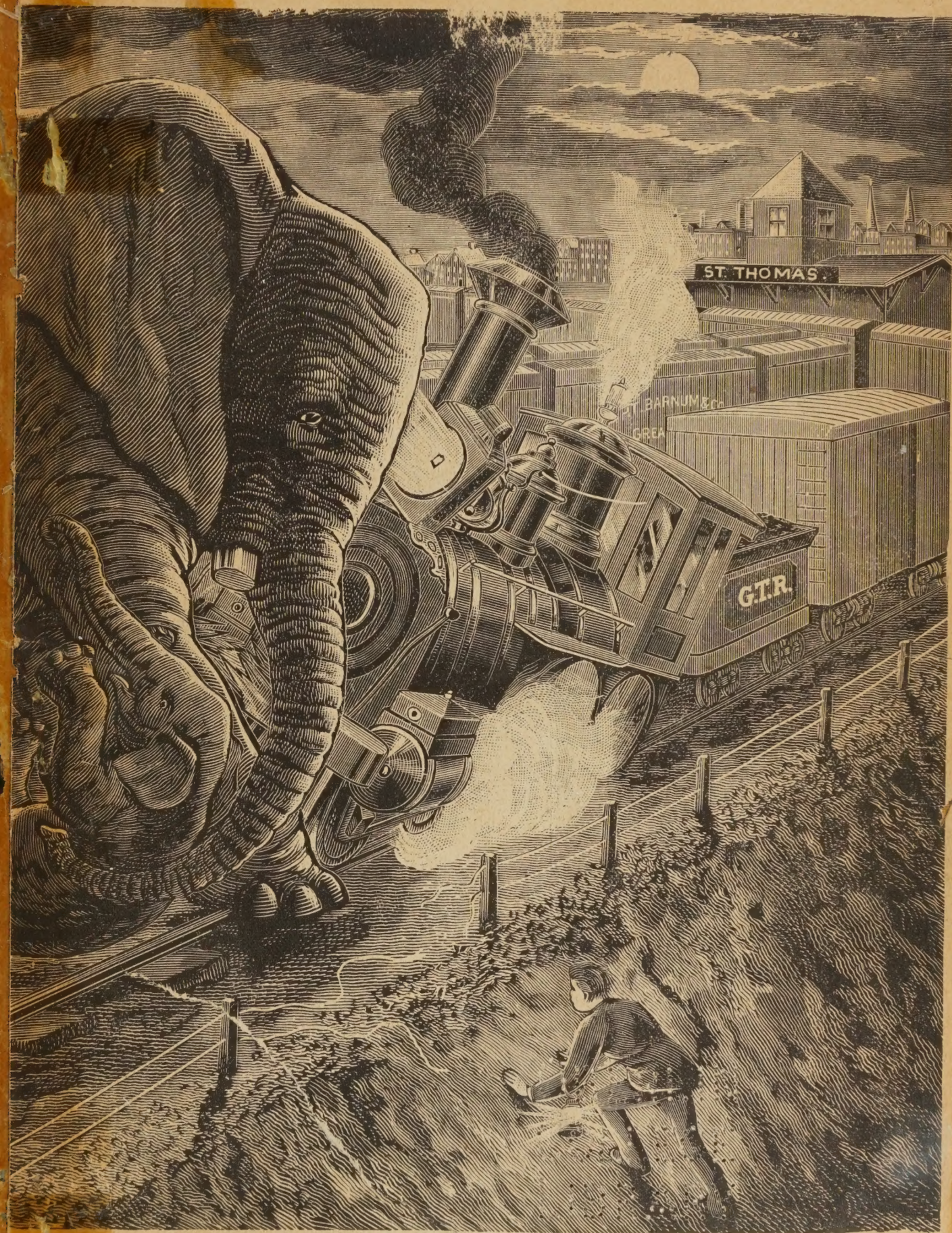
Jumbo Trumpeted an Eternal Farewell

to a large delegation of distinguished persons assembled from various parts of the Kingdom to see him off, and started for the Land of the Free, to accomplish his fame and fate.

The voyage was a rough one, and the heavy weather and head seas for the first two days considerably roiled both Jumbo's temper and stomach. He bellowed constantly, and would eat almost nothing. He showed all the signs of sea-sickness, except that he did not vomit. His appearance was most forlorn. He stuck his trunk between the bars and rested on it as if he could not hold up his head. He moaned and sighed, and acted as a sea-sick man would who did not care whether he lived or died. He also suffered considerably from a cold which he took in the dock and from the ocean winds. He soon entirely recovered, got his sea-legs on, and was visited



THE SCENE OF



BOBO'S HEROIC DEATH. 0 0 0 0 0 0

by all the steerage passengers. This made him very happy. He shook hands with everybody, and hugged all the children with his trunk. He was vaccinated, which he took as a matter of course. Nothing further worthy of special mention transpired during the voyage, and early on Sunday morning, April 9th, the Assyrian Monarch steamed up the bay, bearing to an eagerly expectant people the most prodigious paragon of all the prodigies secured by P. T. Barnum in over half a century; an Easter offering of the Old World to the New.

The character of Jumbo's first reception must have given him a highly favorable opinion of America. At an early hour a number of prominent citizens and journalists paid their respects to him on board ship, at Jersey City, and all united in pronouncing him fully up to every claim that had preceded him. At twenty minutes before six o'clock in the evening he and his box were hoisted out of the hold, amid the cheers of a vast multitude collected to witness the novel sight. By seven o'clock the derrick conveying him was towed across to the New York side of the river, just below Pier No. 1, where the box was hoisted again, swung out over the land, and placed on its axles. Sixteen of the Barnum and London Shows' horses were in waiting to haul Jumbo to the Madison Square Garden. Two heavy ropes were also attached to the box, one on each side, to be used for helping the work of the horses, with the assistance of volunteers from the great crowd which thronged the pier in a pouring rain, until Jumbo was at last moved. Each rope was about two hundred feet long, and was seized by about six hundred of the bystanders. At about half-past nine a start was made, and Jumbo moved up Broadway, the recipient of a continuous ovation, until the Garden was at last safely reached at one o'clock in the morning. Jumbo gave token of his joy by frequent loud trumpeting. At seven o'clock Scott went to the cage, and, having opened the front, commanded Jumbo to come out. He placed his trunk on the pavement, and having pressed against it, as though to insure its solidity, stepped out and followed Scott into the inside of the building.

Shackles were placed on his fore legs, and the colossus of his kind stood in his new home. After turning around several times and examining everything within reach of his trunk, he commenced to toss his hay high in the air, at the same time trumpeting forth his joy, until he had all the other elephants joining in a mighty chorus of welcome. His subsequent career, up to the time of his death, which it now becomes our painful duty to describe, is familiar to all. Day after day and night after night his levees at the Garden were attended by such crowds that thousands were unable to gain admission, and the experience all over the country was a similar one. Millions flocked to see him, not a single one of whom was disappointed. He grew both in stature and public estimation. Young America at once adopted him, trusted in him, and loved him. Never was there such a universal favorite. His name became the common synonym for magnitude. He cost Mr. Barnum something over \$30,000; twenty times that sum could not have bought him, and the wealth of the Indies could not replace him.

JUMBO'S HEROIC DEATH.

Who so Loved his Keeper and Little Comrade,
that he Sacrificed his Life to Save Them.

On Tuesday, September 15, 1885, the Great Barnum and London United Shows exhibited at St. Thomas, Canada, and during the evening performance, after Jumbo had received his customary ovation from the assembled multitude, and, alas! for the last time treated his little friends to a ride upon his lofty back, Scott led him and his inseparable companion, the dwarf clown elephant, Tom Thumb, away to be loaded on the show train, which completely filled the siding on the south side of the show-ground fence. Immediately adjoining the side-track on the south was the single track of the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, skirting a steep embankment, along the top of which was stretched the stout wire cables of the signal apparatus. Murderous ingenuity could not have devised

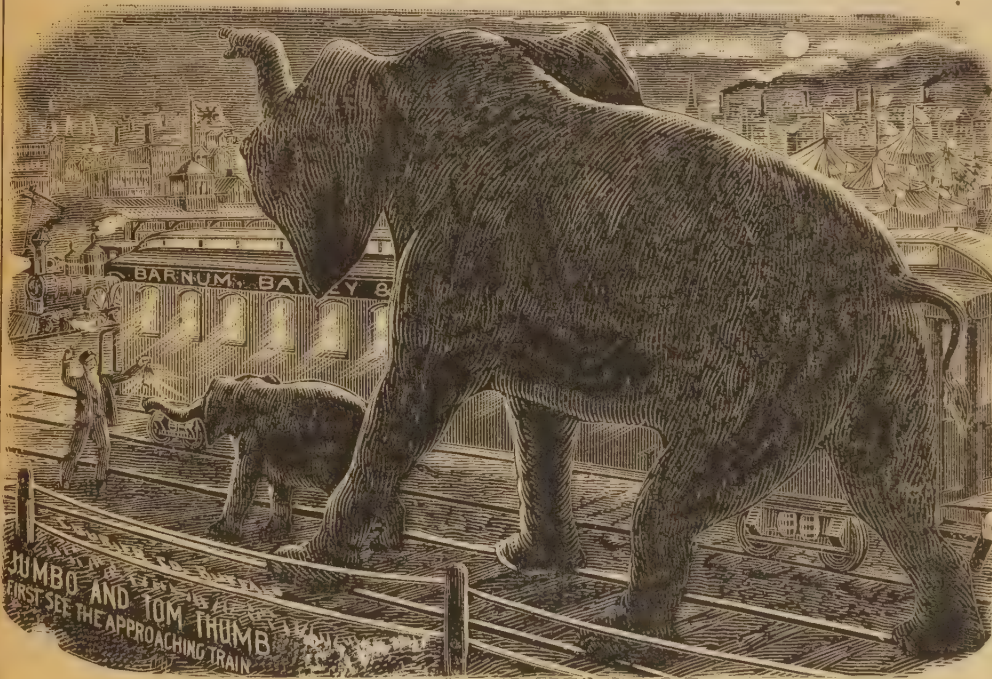
a more effective death-trap, and into it, at about half-past nine o'clock, the grossest and most inhuman carelessness betrayed the confiding giant to meet his dreadful doom.

The cattle-guards and embankment rendering it impossible for the elephants to reach their car from the street-crossing, *and the railway employes having given positive assurance that no train was due for nearly an hour*, a panel of the fence was taken out, the show train divided, and Jumbo and Tom Thumb passed through and onto the main track by means of the opening thus made. Not five minutes had elapsed, and they had proceeded but a short distance westward, when from the

of beasts. Realizing that they were left behind, he turned and rushed frantically to their rescue. As Scott sprang down the embankment, Jumbo seized Tom Thumb with his trunk and hurled him some twenty yards away; the poor little beast, striking with such force against one of the cars on the siding as to break his left hind leg.

But for Jumbo there was now no hope of escape, and the grand and courageous martyr to affection, with lowered head and a tremendous roar, turned to face the oncoming foe. Then ensued a single combat, *a gigantic duel to the death*, without a parallel in all the annals of conflict. As the powerless specta-

tors looked on with blanched and horror-stricken faces, the leviathan of the rail and the mountain of bone and brawn came together, with a crash that made the solid road-bed quake. The heavy iron bars of the engine's pilot were broken and twisted as if they had been but grape vines, and its front



east was borne upon the night air the warning screams of a locomotive whistle, and the headlight of a heavy freight train, rushing down a deep grade, flashed ominously upon them. The horrors of the situation can be better imagined than described. All was paralyzed consternation and dire confusion. Almost instantly, and with seeming human intelligence and presence of mind, Jumbo grasped the situation and turned to escape by the opening at which he had entered. This he might easily have done but for the slow movements of Scott and Tom Thumb, who were utterly unable to keep pace with his tremendous strides. To desert his loved ones in such an emergency was not in the noble nature of the noblest and most heroic

stripped as by an explosion of dynamite. With his mighty tusks driven clear back into the brain, and his massive skull crushed in, Jumbo was thrown to one side, and squeezed between the cars on the siding and those of the moving train until his huge body forced the locomotive and two heavily-loaded cars from the track. He gave but one groan after being struck, and then assumed an attitude of determination, and composed himself to meet death with becoming dignity and fortitude. Within a few moments the chill of dissolution passed shudderingly through his vast frame, his agony was mercifully ended, and he lay a cold colossus of breathless clay, but looking more majestic than ever before. Strong men gathered around him with tear-

stained faces and lamentations, and poor Scott threw himself upon the body in a paroxysm of grief. To one who chid him for weeping so wildly, he sobbed out:

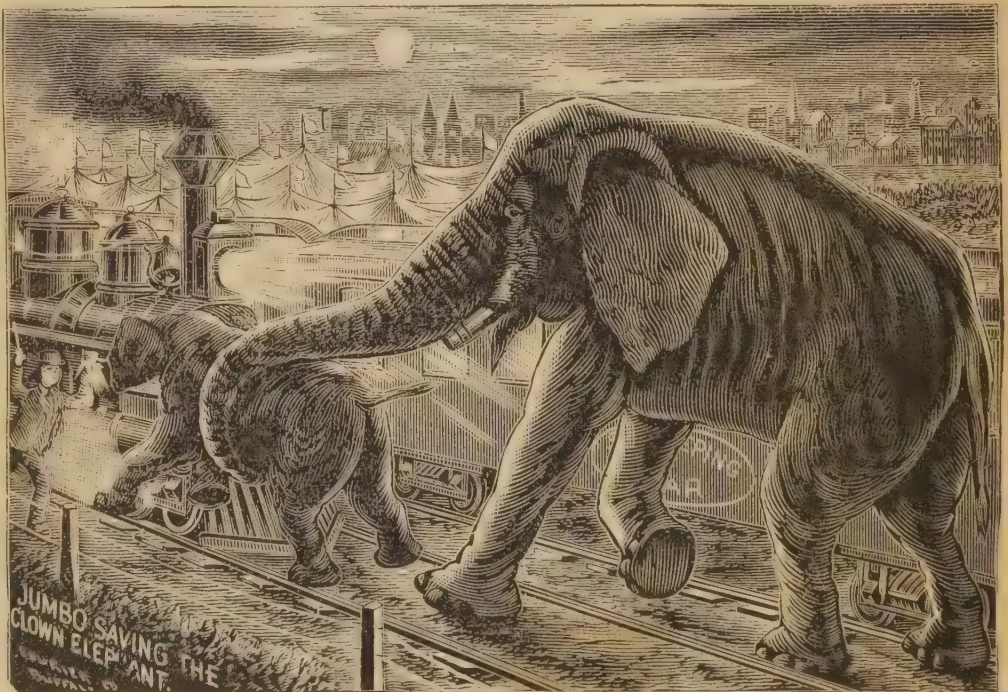
"Jumbo was a King; though a beast Hi loved 'im—that's why Hi cry."

And truly he was a King, to whom may properly be applied the Shakesperian eulogy that "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it."

The sensation and sorrow consequent upon the death of Jumbo are still fresh in the minds of our readers. The sad and astounding news was telegraphed at length all over the world. The newspapers, both at home and abroad, were filled with accounts of the accident and expressions of regret, and the London illustrated journals published portraits of Alice, Jumbo's wife, in a widow's cap and other habiliments of mourning. But, beyond and above all, the children most deeply mourned the loss of "Poor, dear old

sonian Institute at Washington, and his skin to the Barnum Museum of Tuft's College at Boston, as rare and priceless gifts, the like of which no foreign collection, either public or private, could ever boast of.

A premature announcement by the Associated Press of this intention, at once and enormously swelled Mr. Barnum's mail with letters from all over the country, from both old and young, urging and begging him to give the masses a chance to see Jumbo's huge frame, and the semblance of his overshadowing form arrayed in his hide, before depositing them where, necessarily, they would be inaccessible to the great majority of the



assissw Jumbo," and thousands of innocent eyes on both sides of the Atlantic paid the tribute of many tears to his gentleness and worth.

Behold Jumbo, now a Doubly Wondrous Prodigy and Sensation.

The Lord of Beasts in all the Majesty of Life, and Beside Him His Indescribably Tremendous Skeleton. Two Transcendently Amazing Features, now seen for the First, Last, and Only Time.

Upon recovering from the calamitous shock of Jumbo's swift, wanton and terrible destruction, the proprietors of the Great Barnum and London Shows at first proposed at once presenting his skeleton to the Smith-

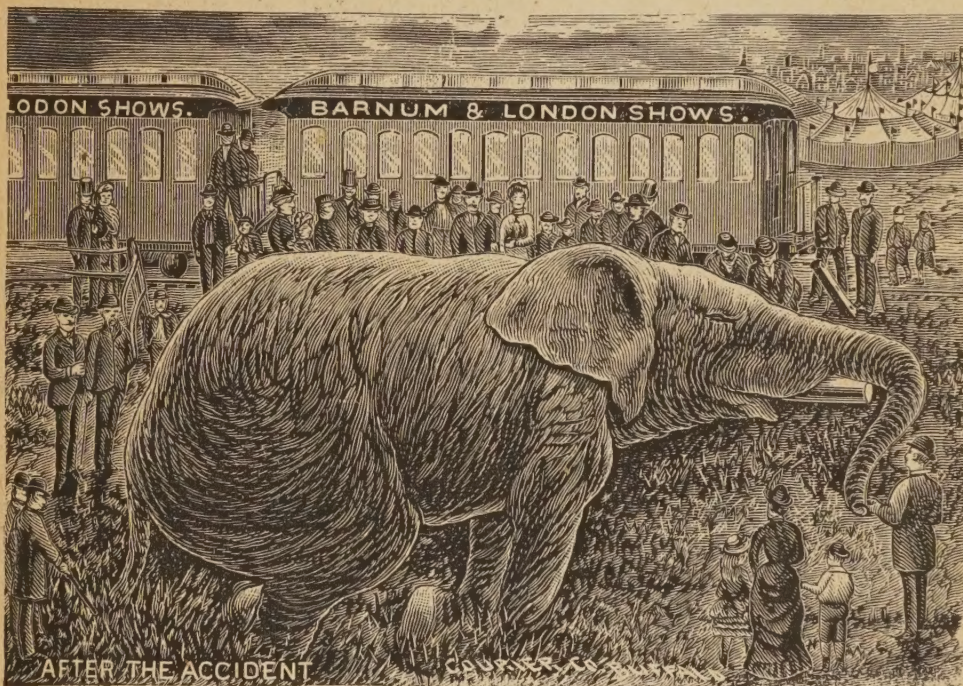
people. One correspondent, an eminent collegiate professor of natural history, forcibly suggested that the time and manner of the proposed gift would inevitably and most surely defeat the main object in view. He dwelt strongly upon the fact that not one person in ten thousand of Mr. Barnum's cotemporaries would ever see either Jumbo's or any other elephant's skeleton correctly set up and displayed, unless his own unrivaled facilities of exhibition were brought to bear; that comparatively few people could afford to visit either of the cities named for that purpose, and that Mr. Barnum was pre-eminently the one and only man in the country to obviate the difficulties suggested, and to place, for a merely nominal sum, within the reach

of all, an exhibition of the very rarest and most interesting character, and, at the same time, calculated to arouse a popular taste for research in a by far too much neglected and most important study, and to present an object-teaching lesson of the most useful, impressive and durable kind. It was further urged that the publicity given to the relics through the medium of the Barnum and London Shows would, by bringing them into the widest appreciation, finally and very largely increase their value as a national and physiological treasure.

At a managerial meeting held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, for the ex-

he has, after long months of the most arduous labor, accomplished the task, is beyond both precedent and praise. We append his own description of the methods by which he executed his onerous trust, and the many difficulties with which he had to contend, which will be found an official report of great interest.

The national and scientific importance of the work is further and markedly evidenced in the fact that upon its completion the leading newspapers of New York City dispatched specially expert representatives to Rochester, to fully report upon the same. We also present such extracts from their opinions and descriptions as space at command will permit.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT

First in order comes Prof. Ward's graphic recital of his wonderful work of restoration and articulation, and we bespeak for it a careful perusal. It is, moreover, a most interesting expression of his views, as a competent and candid authority, of the value of the stupendous results of his skill and patience.

press purpose of duly considering these requests and suggestions, as well as the great expense involved and the enormous difficulties of transportation and handling to be overcome, it was decided to place both Jumbo, as natural as life, and his skeleton, on exhibition with the great show during its grand farewell tour, and in the most perfect and satisfactory form which skill and experience could suggest and compass. Prof. Henry A. Ward, the eminent head of the natural science establishment, at Rochester, N. Y., which bears his name, was unanimously selected as the most competent person to undertake the physical details and responsibility of the great and novel work in hand, and the eminently successful manner in which

Prof. Henry A. Ward's Letter to Mr. Barnum.

His Account of the Great Work of Restoring Jumbo, and Preparing His Skeleton.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1886.

HON. P. T. BARNUM, Bridgeport, Conn.:

DEAR SIR,—I have at length the great pleasure of announcing to you that the formidable task of restoring Jumbo in his own skin and with every proportion and peculiarity of his huge body faithfully preserved, even to the smallest detail, and of articulating his immense skeleton with each bone in proper place in his ponderous anatomy, has been completed. Both the restored and the skeleton Jumbo are now ready for public inspection, and for transportation with your Exhibition.

Their preparation has been a work of special difficulties. No such monster form has ever before been preserved by taxidermy in this or in any other country. The weight and dimensions were so great and vast that special procedures

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would have been necessary, even were he to have stood quietly on his pedestal in a museum hall. But for this huge colossus to travel from place to place, to be loaded and unloaded, and shaken about in land and sea transportation, involved extraordinary devices to brace, stiffen and strengthen in the most effective manner.

All this must be done; and yet his form of body, legs and trunk—so well known to the millions who have seen him alive—must be preserved and reproduced in every particular in his mounted effigy. Fortunately, we had one good life photograph; also many measurements of his body, taken after the sad accident in Canada. The mounting was a matter involving such formidable conditions of weight and size, that no ordinary base would serve to support him. His pedestal was first built of heavy oak beams, the cross-bars on which he stands being six by nine inches in thickness. In these were planted eight great standards of two-inch iron—two of them to go through each leg—which were bolted above into equally heavy cross-beams, which held them together and strengthened the whole. Other beams ran lengthwise of the body, placed straight, obliquely, diagonally, and in every direction calculated to strengthen and stiffen, and all bound together with rods and bars. One great beam, reaching from rear part, through the body, to center of his forehead, is calculated to sustain fully a ton's weight, if at any time his great head should need such support. The outlines of his body and legs are then obtained by properly fastening pieces of thick plank on edge and cutting them to form required. The further final contour of the body is

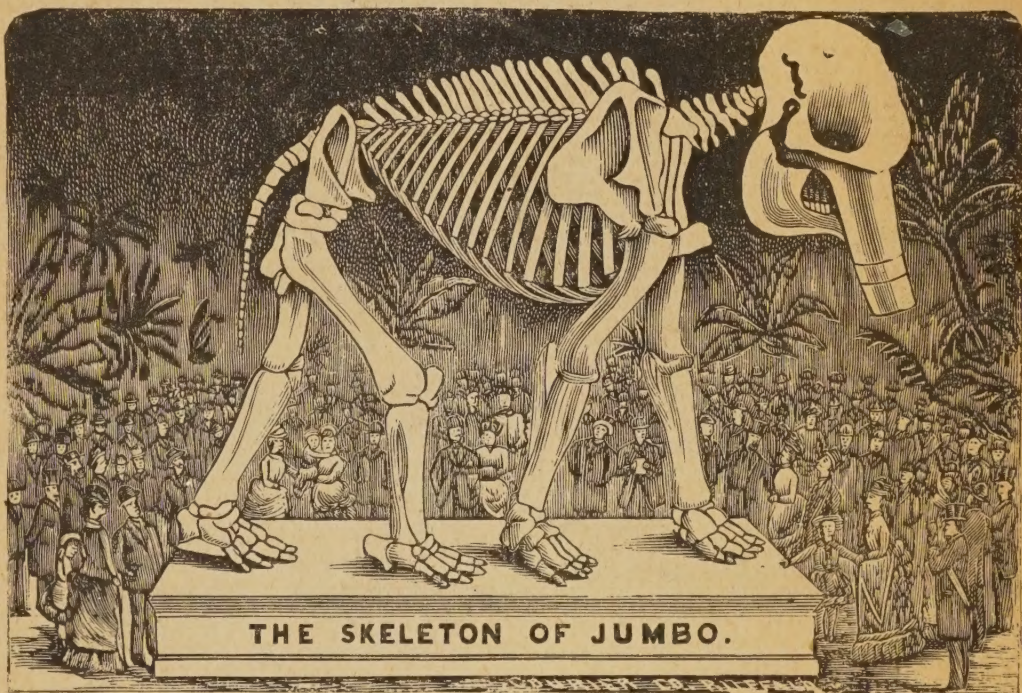
secured by covering these timbers with wooden coating two inches thick, and all built up, cut and chiselled to the exact form desired in every part. Thus was gradually built up an elephant of almost solid wood of Jumbo's exact size and form. To this was applied his vast skin, weighing over three-quarters of a ton, and the same nailed and screwed in place over the entire surface and along the seams. There was no intermediate filling, and his skin now fits his wooden body in every part as closely as does the bark on a tree. The weight of the skin, and the height to which it had to be raised in fitting and re-fitting, made this a work involving great effort and hardest labor. Thanks to the experience of two of my trained taxidermists—C. E. Akeley and Wm. J. Critchley—the difficulties were all conquered and the work brought to a successful issue. This specimen—sole in the world in so many other ways—also stands unique in the history of taxidermy.

The skeleton of Jumbo presented hardly less of a problem in its mounting. Every bone in its colossal frame-work has not only been made to keep its proper place in the anatomy, but the whole has been made so strong that I think it will bear the quite unusual strain to which it will be subjected in

traveling. It has—as I have told you in former letters—special mechanical adjustments for raising and lowering, applying and taking off its legs, etc., etc. This is, I believe, the only mounted skeleton of an adult African elephant in this country. It is an interesting and a satisfactory coincidence that it is at the same time *the largest skeleton of a modern terrestrial mammal in the world.*

Together, the two Jumbos which I deliver to you—the one in the skin and the mounted skeleton—make a noble showing.

The visitor here starts suddenly back with awe as he is first introduced to the great monster. He had gauged his apprehension to the familiar bulk of the ordinary elephant. But here his eye must be lifted to a higher altitude; his whole thought must swell to take in the idea of the towering form which looms above him. The monster's brow rises like some old granite dome—frowning and severe. His tusks of snow-white ivory descend like twin glaciers from the base of the dome, his great corrugated trunk a promontory between; while behind ex-



panda and uprises the mountain mass of which these are the accessories.

The common elephant is the maximum and limit in land life on our globe. But here Nature shows that she can on occasion do still more in added bulk. It would be hard to offer to the citizens of any country anything more interesting and instructive than is this noble Proboscidian in its double presence as outward form and internal frame-work. In my opinion they are the two greatest wonders which even you have ever been able to present to the nation. And I may be allowed to say that I feel a just pride in the fact that they should have been prepared at my establishment, where the work on scientific collections which I am making for our colleges and museums throughout the land, has required my bringing together a corps of scientific artisans, skilled in all branches of natural science preparation.

Thanking you for giving us so fine an opportunity, I remain, with best wishes for your health and prosperity,

Respectfully yours,

HENRY A. WARD.

OPINIONS OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

FEBRUARY 28th, 1886.

Jumbo Double in Death.

Jumbo is not dead. His memory lives in the hearts of thousands of little ones who have fed him untold quantities of gingerbread, and he has furthermore a material and dual existence in the laboratory of Prof. Henry A. Ward, the Rochester taxidermist. There his huge bulk now stands, an effigy of departed greatness, and squints sardonically at his well-scraped skeleton, which has been skillfully put together and set up in another corner of the room. It is the restoration of Jumbo, the renaissance of elephantine magnificence. —*Tribune*.

No One Would Know the Animal is Dead.

The public will be given an opportunity to see Jumbo as he looked before he was killed, and will also have a chance to examine his skeleton. His hide has been so handled by Prof. H. A. Ward, the Rochester taxidermist, that no one would know the animal is dead. To make the figure more realistic the old saddle will be placed on the back and children will be allowed to ride, as the figure is to be drawn around the circus on wheels. —*World*.

As Natural as Life.

Professor Ward had taken the measurements of the monster, and while the skin and bones were in process of treatment he had constructed a heavy wooden skeleton, supported and braced by steel rods, two of which, two inches in diameter, support each leg. The skin, when first taken off, weighed 1,538 pounds and varied from half an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. After it was tanned it was scraped and cleaned until it had a uniform thickness of half an inch. The skin is nailed to the wooden framework with 74,480 nails and actually retains the folds and the grooves as natural as in life. —*Herald*.

The Largest Ever Preserved.

The skin and skeleton of the late lamented Jumbo have been mounted by Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, for Barnum's show. Examination of the skeleton showed that Jumbo, although 24 years old at the time of his death, was still a mere child and not yet full grown, for the soft cartilages of his joints were unossified. The skeleton is exhibited separate from the skin, which is stretched over a framework. The skin is from half an inch to an inch and a half in thickness and weighs 1,538 pounds. This is said to be the largest skin ever preserved by taxidermy. —*Times*.

The Largest in the World.

Every bone in the colossal framework of the skeleton has been made to keep its proper place in the anatomy, and it has special mechanical appliances for raising and lowering, taking off its legs and like actions. It is the largest skeleton of a terrestrial mammal in the world. * * * * * Thus was gradually built up an elephant of almost solid wood, of Jumbo's exact size and shape. To this was applied his vast skin, weighing over three quarters of a ton, and the same nailed and screwed over the entire surface. The eyes were made to order, and give the body a most life-like expression. —*Journal*.

The Most Gigantic Specimens.

With the aid of a life photograph and an elaborate scale of measurements, made long before Jumbo's death, the builder was able faithfully to reproduce Jumbo's giant form in wood. This frame he hammered and chiseled and planed until it looked like an elephant with his coat off on a hot day. Then began the task of laying on the skin. Every wrinkle was replaced exactly as it used to be when Jumbo wore it, and all the cruel rents made by the locomotive were so carefully mended that his own mother couldn't have found them. It took 74,480 Swedish iron nails to fasten it all on, and it now fits him better than it ever did before.

The chalk-white skeleton of Jumbo stood a few feet away. The mounting of it was the biggest problem in articulation that Professor Ward ever tackled. Every bone in its colossal framework has not only been made to keep its proper place, but the whole is made so strong that it will be able to bear all the knocking about and rough handling, by land and sea. Professor Ward is authority for the statement that it is the only mounted skeleton of an adult African elephant in this country, and at the same time the largest skeleton of a modern terrestrial mammal in the world. —*Star*.

A most Marvelous Production.

Upon the arrival of the party in the Floral City they proceeded to Prof. Ward's Museum, and were immediately confronted by the almost perfectly reproduced Jumbo, lacking in nothing that resembled the grand old animal except life. It is a most marvelous production, exact in every particular and detail.

The skeleton has been superbly mounted and every bone placed in its proper place, both objects, the skin and the skeleton, presenting two very wonderful sights. —*News*.

A Life-like Leviathan.

Visitors to Barnum's Circus next season will have an opportunity to renew their acquaintance with "Jumbo," and delighted children may once more ride on his back. The Leviathan has been stuffed by Professor Ward, of Rochester, and people who saw the counterfeit animal at a private view given on Friday say it is very life-like. —*Mercury*.

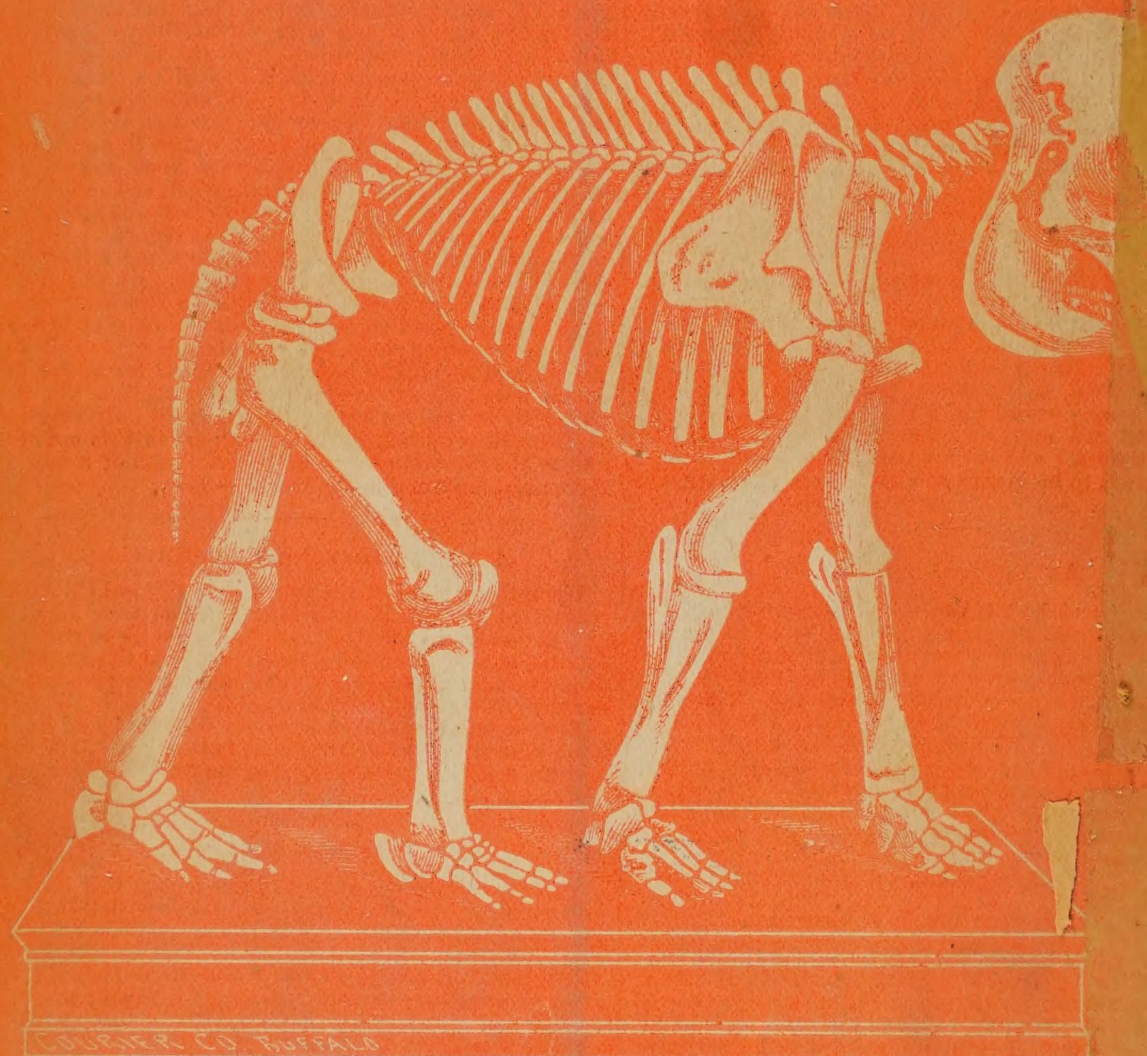
A Most Remarkable Reproduction.

For the past four months the professor and three assistants have been constantly at work getting the different portions of this huge beast in proper order and otherwise making it ready for public inspection, and the results, as shown yesterday, are a most wonderful reproduction of Jumbo as he last appeared here, wanting in nothing but life, while the skeleton, which has been separately mounted and arranged is a most curious and interesting sight.

As Jumbo appears now it is over twelve feet high, measures fourteen feet long, eighteen feet in circumference, four feet ten inches across the ears, five feet three inches circumference of foot, and eighteen inches around the tusk. The forearm bone weighed sixty-nine pounds. The cavity occupied by the brain held nearly seven quarts, and Prof. Ward stated that altogether Jumbo, when living, was the largest terrestrial animal, and that the skeleton was undoubtedly the largest known to naturalists. —*Dispatch*.

THE TREMENDOUS SKELETON OF JUMBO, LORD OF BEASTS:

PREPARED BY THE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST AND
NATURALIST, PROF. HENRY A. WARD OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.



A MOST PRODIGIOUS SIGHT
EXHIBITED WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE
THE GREAT BARNUM AND LONDON UNITED
THEIR POSITIVELY FAREWELL TOUR

Philadelphia, at North Broad and Dauphin Sts., One Week, Commencing
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